

# COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost "

Vol. VIII.      St. Joseph's College, March 29, 1916.      No. 13

### Yale 15, Illinois 8.

Before an expectant and very excited body of spectators the Academic League came to an end when Yale won the tie-off game from Illinois by the score of 15 to 8. The game was fast and a hard one and was well played by both teams. Up till the last seven minutes of play either side could have captured the prize. Then Yale gradually broke away from their opponents and at last came forth the winners.

Both teams were deserving of much praise for the brand of basketball they played. The Academic League of this year is a distinct improvement on the Academic Leagues of other years.

On Saturday, March 25, the IV Latins and Commercials met in conflict to decide who was to have the Senior League pennant. Though the game was not as good as some of the others played by these two teams, it was nevertheless a good one to see. The IV Latins held the big end of the score from the very beginning and seemed to find no trouble in locating the ring, while the Commercials, though showing their usual skill in breaking up passing and other floor work, seemed unable to shoot either field goals or free throws.

### Senior League

1st. Place	IV Lat's.	Percent	700
2nd.	III Com's.	"	600
3rd.	III Lat's.	"	444
4th.	Seniors	"	222

### Academic League

1st. Place	Yale.	Percent	800
2nd.	Illinois.	"	700
3rd.	Buckeyes	"	375
4th.	Hoosiers	"	0

### Junior League

Excelsiors	Percent	727
Em Roes	"	600
Blue Bells	"	455
Emeralds	"	250
Laurels	"	222

### Midget League

Wrens	Percent	1000
Doves	"	250
Larks	"	250

### The Power of Wind.

Many of us have at some time or other realized the potency of wind. I do not mean the gaseous effluvia that emanates from the lips of some penny orator, or the verbose loquacities that proceed from the well packed lungs of a soap agent, but the real simon pure article as placed in the universe by an all wise Creator.

The other night we again had occasion to feel the weight of an Aeolian hand. As our peaceful town was giving its last few to-ses in bed before entrusting itself to the tender cares of Morpheus, Boreas relieved Iapyas of her watch.

In a short time we realized that we had a change of guards. In a few moments all was in a turmoil. The lofty trees bent their proud heads to the earth, the water in the lake bit into the shore and writhed in agony as though beaten with a hundred lashes. Jupiter hurled his thunderbolts with a lavish hand over the buildings.

Within all tranquility was banished. Pius Beck, Dux Joe, and Pater Bruin were in an uproar. Simultaneously with the breaking of the window Bruin's feet touched the floor and before the light of the last flash of lighting had passed away he was dressed and ready to brave the terrors of the storm.

Boreas amused himself for a few moments and then as though being ashamed of his relaxation of dignity assumed a sober mien and all was still.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in a very fitting manner this year. On Thursday night "Henry IV" was produced by the C. L. S. At 8:15 A. M. High Mass was sung by Rev. Leo Faurote. In the afternoon general permission was given to see the "Rosary," which reel was shown especially for us. Everyone enjoyed the play. However, it was not the only "big show" in town, unless the sight of a crowd of tall young men in knee-breeches, tight fitting jackets, old straw hats, green stockings, evening coats and overalls, parading about the streets, was no show.



### The Pool Shark

Monty's fingers were pretty agile and he had a way of caressing the cards when he dealt them which Dick mistrusted. Finally he caught him. Monty was just shuffling some of the cards from the bottom of the deck when he saw the glitter in Dick's eye. He knew he was up against it and expected to feel a lead pill digging its way into his ribs at any moment. As nothing happened, however, he tried to calmly deal the cards in the legitimate way. The others in the game did not notice anything out of the ordinary. Red Eye Dick did not mean to let the incident be closed so easy. He was a fair player and did not like to see the great American indoor sport abused by crooks.

After the game he passed the word about among his friends to have a barrel of warm tar and plenty of goose feathers ready for that night. He explained to them that a friend of his needed a new overcoat and he was going to supply him. These eagerly set to work. Excitement of any kind was always welcome to them. They also sharpened a fence rail to give Dick's friend a merry send off as they facetiously explained.

Some of Greasy's friends who thought he was on the square told him of the intended assault on his friend Monty. They also expressed the possibility that he might be an honored member of the celebration if he was caught.

Greasy may have been fat but it was never said that his head would lower the price of billiard balls if put on the market. He soon realized how matters stood with his pal and the people. In five minutes he and Monty had pulled stakes. Stealthily they rode out of town. They stood still for a few minutes at the edge of the desert and gazed sadly back at the silent town. "Well it was good picking while it lasted" After uttering this succinct remark Monty led the way into the desert.

### Bummers! Take Notice!

The parasitic practice of bumming tobacco is again showing itself in the club. For a time it seemed as though this obnoxious habit had died out. However, sucked on the milk of indulgence, it has again come forth bringing two pipes where before there was only one.

In one of our recent issues we aimed a blow at this malpractice. But it seems that here as well as in other places the old adage: "Repetitio est mater studiorum," holds good.

Do not fear that by ceasing bumming you will break up the camaraderie of the club. On the contrary, those who have been loath to see you come on account of the big bowl on your pipe will welcome you joyfully.

It is perfectly proper among your own intimate friends to borrow "smoking" when you happen to be at low ebb. But there are some members who seem to think that the smoking club is their Christmas tree. They pride themselves on the amount of bumming they have accomplished. Let these say: "Excelsior." "I will not cease until I have overcome this habit and again placed my comrades at ease."

### The Prisoner's Death

The prison clock strikes the hour of midnight. Each stroke echoes and re-echoes down the long corridors of clammy cells. For thirty years have these cruel strokes cut like a knife into the heart of prisoner seventeen. For thirty long dreary years have they told the aged prisoner how slowly time was passing and how far away was his only beacon, his only thought—death.

But sooner than expected has his kind and loving God taken the bitter chalice from his lips, and the old man lies back on his bed to obey the call. "O God," he cries, "never let me hear those cruel strokes again. My temptation was great, and I am sorry that I offended Thee. Well have I tried to endure the awful agony of imprisonment. Has not the pain of all these years wiped out the guilt of my sin? Yes, I know Thou wilt forgive me. Take me to Thy kingdom, I am sorry."

The old man's eyes are closed. Is he dead? No, he still breathes. For a long time the shadows of death steal over his rigid face, but again disappear, as though God were loathe to take him from the scene of his sufferings, from the place where he has earned his crown.

Oh, that kind old face! Could it ever do any great wrong? But here in this damp cell it lies uncaressed in its dying agony.

The old man moves. Look! with all his remaining strength he raises himself to a sitting posture and extends his arms to heaven. Oh, the look of joy on his face. He speaks: "Yes, dear, I am coming. Where is our little daughter? Thank God, you both look so beautiful and happy. O God, cut these shackles of cruel life. Let me come to Thy kingdom and to my loving ones. I am sorry, O God; I am sorry." The old man falls back lifeless on his bed and the prison clock strikes one.



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## Editorials

KING HENRY IV., a Shakespearean drama, was presented by the Columbian Literary Society on the evening of March 16th, in honor of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death.

Although the participants were necessarily amateurs, still their efforts were in every way successful. The entire audience was pleased with the acting, and many were the commendations which the C. L. S. received for its praiseworthy work. It is the opinion of most students that Henry IV. was better given than Julius Caesar—the latter drama was staged by the society a few months ago.

The principal characters, King Henry IV., Prince of Wales, Sir John Falstaff, Worcester, and Hotspur, were impersonated respectively by Mathias Lause, Theo Fettig, John Bruin, John Cherry and Robert Loughrey. We hope that Henry IV. will be presented as the Commencement play, and if it is so decided, we prophesy that it will again meet with a complete success.

## The Spiritual Bouquet

The following spiritual bouquet has been sent to the good Sisters of St. Francis who had charge of the Infirmary during the recent scarlet fever epidemic:

Holy Communions .....	284
Masses to be heard.....	115
Litanies .....	131
Rosaries .....	188
Way of the Cross .....	100
Hail Marys .....	45
Aspirations .....	1,000
Visits to Blessed Sacrament.....	40
Seven Offerings of the Precious Blood.....	20

We are all looking forward with great expectation to the coming-gymnastic program. Acrobatic enthusiasts are daily practicing in Turner Hall. They are fast nearing perfection in the difficult art of high and lofty tumbling. The Director is working hard and if the ardor of the participants is not cooled he will no doubt present us with a treat in the near future.

## Bits of Humor.

Strecker — Why is Weishaar's eye shade like a sidewalk?

"Missouri"—I don't know, unless it's because it goes round the block.

Some of the officers in our regiment: Colonel Jos. Falk, Major Cletus Scheuer, Captain Greg. Miller, Lieutenant Nick Hennes. "Colonial" Deutsch will be chief musician. Plans are being made to have him play in the rear so that any possible "cowards" may be frightened back into battle.

Ed. Barrett says he likes dates, figs, prunes, squashes, watermelons, onions, and all kinds of fruit.

All handball enthusiasts hand in your application to Captain Paul Barrett.

## Question Box

Hermiller, Editor Pro Tem.

Dear Editor: Who is considered an ideal citizen? Tompkins.

Ans. A man who can find fault with Wilson's administration and whose name is Heinrich Kartoffelfraesser, or someding like dot.

Dear Editor: May I ask what your conception of heaven is?

Ans. Sure thing. A stein of beer, a good ripe Limburger cheese sandwich, some pretzels, and maybe a few onions yet.

Dear Editor: Will you please tell me what nationality you are. Cecil.

Ans. Why German, of course, like any good American citizen.

Dear Editor: When I asked you in the last issue how Uncle Sam would proceed to enlarge his navy, you mentioned invisible submarines. What are they? Gladstone.

Ans. Merely ordinary submarines with jokes painted on the outside, so that you English will not be able to see them.

Dear Editor: What is the name of the best city in Ohio, and that of its mayor?

Ans. Glandorf, Ohio, of course. As yet it has no mayor, but I wouldn't be surprised if they would elect one next summer.

[Editor's Note—My views may not be all correct, but, by gosh, I know a thing or two, I do.]

Cheer up fellows, you're on the home stretch now. Only one day more of exams, and well!

Even though you can't digest some Greek phrases, you will find no difficulty in assimilating large quantities of our Greek ice cream.—Candy Co.



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